

And came to th' eye o'th' King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holinesse
To stay the Iudgement o'th' Diuorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue
My King is tangled in affection, to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Ha's the King this?

Suf. Beleue it.

Sur. Will this worke?

Cham. The King in this perceiues him, how he coasts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founde, and he brings his Physicke
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.

Sur. Would he had.

Suf. May you be happy in your wish my Lord,
For I professe you haue it.

Sur. Now all my ioy

Trace the Coniunction.

Suf. My Amen too't.

Nor. All mens.

Suf. There's order giuen for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To some eares vnrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perswade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this Land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.

Nor. Marry Amen.

Suf. No, no:

There be moe Waspes that buz about his Nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinall Campeius,
Is stolne away to Rome, hath tane no leaue,
Ha's left the cause o'th' King vnhandled, and
Is posted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.

Cham. Now God incense him,

And let him cry Ha, lowder.

Nor. But my Lord,

When retournes *Cranmer*?

Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Haue satisfied the King for his Diuorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almost in Christendome: shortly (I beleue)
His second Marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her Coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princess Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same *Cranmer*'s
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings businesse.

Suf. He ha's, and we shall see him

For it an Arch-bishop.

Nor. So I heare.

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall.

Nor. Obserue, obserue, hee's moody.

Car. The Packet Cromwell,

Gau't you the King?

Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.

Card. Look'd he o'th' inside of the Paper?

Crom. Presently

He did vnseale them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde: a heede
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him heere this Morning.

Card. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I thinke by this he is.

Card. Leaueme a while.

Exit Cromwell.

It shall be to the Dutches of Alanson,
The French Kings Sister; He shall marry her.

Anne Bullen? No: Ile no *Anne Bullens* for him,

There's more in't then faire Vilage. *Bullen?*

No, we'l no *Bullens*: Speedily I wish

To heare from Rome. The Marchionesse of Penbroke?

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be he heares the King

Does whet his Anger to him.

Sur. Sharpe enough,

Lord for thy Iustice.

Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?

A Knights Daughter

To be her Mistis Mistis? The Queenes, Queene?

This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I trust snuffeit,

Then out it goes. What though I know her veruous

And well deseruing? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholsome to

Our cause, that she should lye i'th' bosome of

Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is sprung vp

An Heretique, an Arch-one; *Cranmer*, one

Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,

And is his Oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Enter King, reading of a Scedule.

Sur. I would 'twere something y' would fret the string,
The Master-cord on's heart.

Suf. The King, the King.

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To his owne portion? And what expence by th' houre

Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th' name of Thrift

Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,

Saw you the Cardinall?

Nor. My Lord, we haue

Stood heere obseruing him. Some strange Commotion

Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and starts,

Stops on a sodaine, lookes vpon the ground,

Then layes his finger on his Temple: straight

Springs out into fast gate, then stops againe,

Strikes his brest hard, and anon, he casts

His eye against the Moone: in most strange Postures

We haue seene him set himselfe.

King. It may well be,

There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,

Papers of State he sent me, to peruse

As I requir'd: and wot you what I found

There (on my Conscience put vnwittingly)

Forsooth an Inuentory, thus importing

The severall parcels of his Plate, his Treasure,

Rich Stuffs and Ornaments of Household, which

I finde at such proud Rate, that it out-speakes

Possession of a Subiect.

Nor. It's Heavens will,

Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,

To blesse your eye withall.

King. If we did thinke

His

His Contemplation were about the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall object, he should still
Dwell in his Musings, but I am affraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His serious considering.

*King takes his Seat, whispers Lowell, who goes
to the Cardinall.*

Car. Heaven forgive me,
Ever God blesse your Highnesse.

King. Good my Lord,

You are full of Heavenly stuffe, and beare the Inuentory

Of your best Graces in your minde; the which

You were now running o're i'th' your farse time

To steale from Spirituall lecture, a brieft span

To keepe your earthly Audit, sure in that

I deeme you an ill Husband, and am gald

To haue you therein my Companion.

Car. Sir,

For Holy Offices I haue a time; a time

To thinke vpon the part of businesse, which

I beare i'th' State: and Nature does requite

Her times of preservation, which perforce

I her fraile soone, among't my Brethren mortall,

Must giue my tendance to.

King. You haue said well.

Car. And euer may your Highnesse yoke together,

(As I will lend you cause) my doing well,

With my well saying.

King. 'Tis well said agen,

And 'tis a kinde of good deede to say well,

And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,

He said he did, and with his deed did Crowne

His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,

I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone

Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,

But par'd my present Hauings, to bestow

My Bounties vpon you.

Car. What should this meane?

Sur. The Lord increafe this businesse.

King. Haue I not made you

The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,

If what I now pronounce, you haue found true:

And if you may confesse it, say withall

If you are bound to vs, or no. What say you?

Car. My Soueraigne, I confesse your Royall graces

Show'd on me daily, haue bene more then could

My studied purposes requite, which went

Beyond all mans endeauors. My endeauors,

Haue euer come too short of my Desires,

Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends

Haue bene mine so, that euermore they pointed

To th' good of your most Sacred Person, and

The profit of the State. For your great Graces

Heap'd vpon me (poore Vndeferrer) I

Cannot render but Allegiant thankses,

My Prayres to heaven for you; my Loyaltie

Which euer ha's, and euer shall be growing,

Till death (that Winter) kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd:

A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is

Therein illustrated, the Honor of it

Does pay the Act of it, as i'th' contrary

The fowlenesse is the punishment. I presume,

That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,

My heart drop'd Loue, my powre rain'd Honor, more

On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,

Your Braine, and euer

Should, notwithstanding

As 'twere in Loues particu-

To me your Friend, then an

Car. I do professe,

That for your Highnesse g

More then mine owne: th

(Though all the world sho

And throw it from their S

Abound, as thicke as thou

Appare in formes more h

As doth a Rocke against th

Should the approach of thi

And stand vnshaken yours

King. 'Tis Nobly spok

Take notice Lords, he ha's

For you haue seene him op

And after this, and then to

What appetite you haue

Exit King, frowning

throng after him.

Car. What should this

What sodaine Anger's this

He parted Frowning from

Leap'd from his Eyes. So

Vpon the daring Huntsma

Then makes him nothing.

I feare the Story of his Ang

This paper ha's vndone me

Of all that world of Weale

For mine owne ends, (I ad

And see my Friends in Rom

Fit for a Foole to fall by: V

Made me put this maine Se

I sent the King? Is there no

No new deuice to beate thi

I know 'twill stirre him str

A way, if it take right, in s

Will bring me off againe.

The Letter (as I liue) with

I writ too's Holinesse. Na

I haue touch'd the highest

And from that full Meridia

I haste now to my Setting,

Like a bright exhalation in

And no man see me more.

Enter to Woolsey, the Duke

Earle of Surrey, and

Nor. Heare the Kings p

Who commands you

To render vp the Great Se

Into our hands, and to Com

To Asher-houfe, my Lord

Till you heare further from

Car. Stay:

Where's your Commission

Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare crosse'e

Bearing the Kings will from

Car. Till I finde more

(I meane your malice) kno

I dare, and must deny it. N

Of what course Mettle ye a

How eagerly ye follow my